

The Saturday Evening Post.

Vol. V.—No. 20.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 20, 1826.

Whole No. 231.

TERMS.—\$1 00 per annum, payable in advance.
\$1 00 if not paid within the year, and
\$1 25 (in advance) for six months.

Published by ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, back of No. 53 Market street, four doors below Second, North side.

ADVERTISEMENTS, not exceeding a square,
inserted three times for \$1—larger bills pro-
portionally—payable before insertion.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

ANNA.

The morning broke bright in the east,
And glimmer'd the proud ear of day;
But ah! 'ere his beams in the west
Were faded like dew-drops away.
A young huntsman stired in blue
Sojourn'd at our cottage to rest—
His hair was of shadowy hue,
And darkly it fell on his breast.

His eye seem'd bedazzled with flame,
His form and his face they were fair;
But idle attention would claim
Devout of that one nameless air,
Which, sweeten'd each word with a grace,
And mellow'd both action and mien,
Which brighten'd the charms of a face,
I ever must mourn having seen.

He sat by my side on the hill—
He spoke with a flattering tongue—
My heart, tho' I bid it be still,
Flutter'd fondly, for I was yet young;
He told me he scarce could depart,
That a flame he never could remove,
Was beaming around his fond heart,
He call'd it (what mockery) love!

I listen'd, and then I believ'd—
The youth had a flattering tongue—
Was faithful, and I am deceiv'd;
But forgive me, for ah! I was young—
The twilight was seen at its close,
Dying all with the splendour of gold,
It sunk—but again it arose—
The hunter I never did behold.

Ve credulous damsels, beware—
I once was both blooming and gay;
My heart was entrapp'd in the snare
Of deception—then left to decay.
Alas! I am now very pale—
My sorrows will fleetly depart
On the breath of eternity's gale,
Which alone can revive my sad heart.

Thus sang the lone victim of love,
Sweet Anna—then with a deep sigh,
Her spirit was wafted above
Beyond the bright stars of the sky.

VERGENNES.

MARY'S GRAVE.

When evening's shade obscures the landscape green,
And you aged trees, with gentle zephyrs wave,
My grief-worn soul, obedient to the scene,
In ceaseless woe, would mourn at Mary's grave.

Her heart was spotless, and her form divine,
To each a gentler spirit heav'n ne'er gave—
I thought, alas! that that soul was mine;
But joy is buried now in Mary's grave.

We lov'd—our ev'ry wish and thought was one—
But love could not from death his victim save,
And now all love and joy with her are gone;
For love and joy now sleep in Mary's grave.

At this calm hour, with Mary by my side,
What ecstasy the ev'ning rattle gave!
How changed, alas, the scene—man, what's thy pride!
I wander now alone, to Mary's grave.

The moon that rose to our enraptured sight,
But lately, o'er yon hill that bounds the wave,
Beheld us blest—but now with pallid light,
She views me comfortless at Mary's grave.

Alas! no solace to my aching heart
The world affords, my stubborn woes to brave,
With ev'ry one dear object would I part,
For one sweet, silent hour at Mary's grave.

HENRY.

SONG.

How sweetly the strains of the late now are sounding,
How soft does its melody weave through the air;
Nought but pleasure and happiness here are bounding,
Away with dull sadness, and evil'd care.

Say that music celestial, never be wanting,
To fill the lone vacancy oft in my mind,
Nor the songster so lovely, so sweet, and enchanting,
Without her all joys were as fleet as the wind.

Ah! what would avail all the mirth and the pleasure,
Or what all the gay lures that ever were strong,
Without the lov'd angel, my heart's chief treasure,
To follow its notes with the charm of her song!

How on soft numbers, with melody swelling,
Ye simple and plaintive, ye thrilling tones, flow,
On breathe but the feeblest of those that are dwelling
Beneath the fair shade of her beauteous brow.

How gracefully waving, those dark raven tresses,
Like loose on her forehead, the sport of the air,
And her cheek, 'ere the rose in its freshest dress
Would fade by the bloom that is fresh budding there.

Far hence her sweet strains in the evergreen bower,
Where no first flight the rose which are used to love,
No music can equal a rapturous hour,
Like this, 'neath the shade of that thickly set grove.

Throughout the whole earth, there's no joy so celestial,
No magic, no charm, that is equal to this,
And hence, O my heart, be poor and terrestrial,
Unless love's pure light were the source of our bliss.

GRASMAN.

Alien! maid of Pulo! for I must be gone,
The night is dark, and the moon lends no ray,
I must travel the wild plain of Touda alone,
Soadieu, dearest maiden, for I must away.

"Oh! with us till morn," cried the maiden, "re-
main—
The path through the midst of the dark grove
Doth lay:
Oh! stay with us, stay, and when morn dawns
again,
Once more through the forest I'll show thee thy
way."

"Pulo, a village in the Island of Luzon, or La-
cofina."

Ah! would, dearest maiden, that thy wish could be!
But my steps to the wave-beaten shore I must
lend:
And oh! 'tis heart-breaking to hasten from thee,
But the call is shrill sounding, and I must at-
tend.

"But when the blue waters you swiftly sail o'er,
And when you arrive at your own native home,
Your own Celestia you'll think of no more,
Nor ne'er send a wish to the maid of Luzon."

Oh! and canst thou think that unfaithful I'll prove;
No! dear to this bosom shalt thou ever remain,
And though far o'er the waves thy wanderer must
rove,
Yet still will his heart that impression retain.

Through her tears smiling, thus whispered the
maid,
"Oh! wanderer dear, thou wilt then think of
me,
As often I stray to the grove where I've staid
To listen to love that was spoken by thee."

OCEAN BARD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ADVICE TO YOUTH, ACCOMPANIED WITH OLD SAYINGS.

The most important duty of parents is to
regulate the morals of their children—many
parents think it sufficient to clothe them, edu-
cate them, and bind them to some mechanic
branch of business, or place them in a com-
ing house—this ends their important task—
I therefore merely suggest the following hints,
interspersed with old sayings, for the sake
of adding something to parents' goodly pro-
perties.

Be on your guard against pride, vanity and
love; these are the first ingredients distilled
into the youthful mind by ignorance, pre-
sumption, and folly, and are similar to the only
three things done in haste, namely, flying
from plague, escaping quarrels, and catching
fleas. The next pernicious quality is dissipa-
tion, and its beloved companion, bad com-
pany—and he who enters the list as a can-
didate ought to reflect, when a man's coat is
threadbare it is easy to pick a hole in it. If
you neglect the advice of your parents—when
I say parents I mean those who give their
children good advice; for many talk like phi-
losophers and live like fools—by neglecting
their advice the consequence will be your
introduction into a society whose motto is,
the man that is cheaply bought cost a salu-
tation.

If you are in business let this advice be en-
graved on your memory, the best thing is to
do one's business and talk little about it—and
if you believe your business impossible, the
belief is the way to make it so. Again, never
sign a writing until you have read it, nor drink
wine until you have tasted it. And would
you know the value of money, borrow some;
these useful hints are among the many calcu-
lated to advance your interest—to conclude,
run in debt, and you will become convinced
of your folly.

Friendship, what we call true and unadulter-
ated friendship, is in itself an earthly blessing
—but a giddy young man is often led to be-
lieve in friendship at first sight—be on your
guard, for no one is so old but hopes to live
a little longer. It is a very important trait in
a man's character to speak well of his neigh-
bor; of your enemies say nothing. And if
you solicit friendship recollect the proverb,
the more you court a man the staller he
grows. In lending money there is always a
general rule to be followed, and this rule, if
followed, gives answers and is a polite way
of refusing—neither give to all or contend with
fools—sit in your place and none can rise you
up—these are stationary proverbs, but are
very appropriate.

Again, you may know by a penny how a
shilling spends—but never promise without
performing—this injures a man more in the
estimation of his friends than anything else—
promising without performing is mere fooling.
Avoid gambling—this is a species of vice,
actuated by an ungovernable propensity or
will infatuation; it is the common sewer to
the most virtuous of men, and if a gambler knew how
to play correctly, and win the more, would be
to throw the dice away. But if you follow it up
as a professor, your looking glass will tell you
what none of your friends will.

The next and last advice I wish to give you,
is in selecting a wife; as I consider this the
most important change in a man's life, I deem
a serious consideration of it not trifling with
his future happiness. To choose a wife, use
your ear more than eye, for beauty fades—
When virtue blooms, an obedient wife com-
mands her husband, and an obedient wife
loves the man who governs; if a man marries
for love, happiness and prosperity, let him
remember this—

"A little house well fill'd,
A little ground well till'd,
And a little wife well wif'd."

In selecting a wife of this description, you
avoid many unpleasant disputes, which I am
sorry to say, too often disturbs the domestic
life, and my experience commands me to say,
originates from the woman; (though not in all
cases), for a woman disappointed in any one
particular, on her marriage day, never forgets it;
if in fortune, she makes that an eternal
subject for her displeasure; but to return, if
you get a wife vain, careless and giddy, ig-
norant and impertinent, such a wife gives a ten-
der, kind, and affectionate husband much un-
easiness, for at the gate where suspicion en-
ters love goes out, accompanied with all your
present and future happiness; therefore act
deliberately in all things, and success (even
in married life) will meet you face to face—

With a sincere hope that you will avoid all
the evils attendant on human nature, and
adopt the good, is the prayer of your friend,
PETER SINGLE.

THE VICTIM OF GAMING. A TRUE TALE.

Induced by curiosity, I entered one even-
ing a gambling house in the city of New-
Orleans. The room into which I was shown was
spacious, and contained all the different ma-
chinery and implements necessary for carry-
ing on that destructive and nefarious practice.
In one part there was a Faro bank; in an-
other, one of the fraternity was seated at the
table with a pack of cards before him, ready
to entrap and fleece the young and inexpe-
rienced, and in a third was a roulette. I took
my stand by the last and silently observed the
players. The keeper of the wheel sat be-
hind a little counter, and gold and silver and
bank notes were piled up in tempting array
before him. I viewed with astonishment the
fluctuations of fortune. One man would stake
a few dollars, and a short time by a lucky turn
of the wheel he was in possession of hundreds;
and another long sum after sum, until enraged
and disappointed he would curse his luck and leave
the house in despair. The different piles of
money rapidly increased and diminished, and
the glittering treasure changed hands every
moment.

The owner of the wheel invited me to the
technical language of the craft to try my luck.
I was tempted to do so; I lost ten dollars in
about as many minutes; but before it was too
late I summoned all my resolution to my aid
and turned my back on the gaming table and
its fascinations. As I left it, a young man ap-
parently about twenty eight or thirty years of
age, and of a prepossessing appearance, stepped
up and laying down two notes of a hundred
dollars each, in a voice somewhat hur-
ried and agitated requested the banker to let
him play. The banker was disposed to oblige
him, but he was stopped by the stranger won-
dering at his conduct. A faint smile came over his anxious
countenance as he took up the money; but instantly
laying it down and doubling his bet, he de-
clared he would again try his fortune. He
played for a second time, and now appeared
to debate with himself whether he should
retire with the present winnings or push his
fortune further—his evil genius prevailed.—
He continued playing, and in one short hour
I saw him stripped not only of his present
winnings but also of a large sum besides. After
losing a second time he stopped under one of
those large lamps that are suspended from the
corners of the street, and drawing out a pis-
tol appeared to examine the priming. All my
fears were now realized, and it was too evi-
dent that he meditated suicide. After casting
a hasty glance around him he turned into a
dark alley. I immediately followed, and saw
him raise the pistol to his head—but one mo-
ment more and I should have been too late
to prevent the deed which would have been done
if I had not intervened. After walking
towards the cause of my interference—that see-
ing him lose large sums of money at play, and
fearful of the consequences, I had followed
him to prevent, if possible, any rash attempt
he might make on his own life. I conjured him
to reflect on the misery and sorrow he was
about to bring on his aged parents, or perhaps
an affectionate wife and family—I implored
him to give over his fatal resolution; and en-
dured by offering him all the assistance in my
power. He appeared to be affected, and after
some hesitation agreed to accompany me to
my lodgings. We proceeded in silence to my
room, when he thus addressed me.

"It is but just that the man who has evinced
such a lively interest in my welfare should
be made acquainted with the circumstances
that brought me into my present situation.
My name is L—, and I am, or rather was,
a merchant in the city of New York. I was
connected in trade with a man in whom I placed
unbounded confidence, and for some years
our concerns went on prosperously. I married
an interesting woman, and became the
happy father of three lovely babies, but the
cup of happiness was only raised to my lips to
be dashed for ever to the ground—my partner
proved a villain—he embezzled all the effects
of the firm and fled his country, leaving me
to answer for debts to a large amount—my
failure was the consequence—I gave up all my
affairs and received an honorable discharge
from my creditors. They appointed me to
proceed to this city to settle some accounts—
I arrived here last month and succeeded in col-
lecting debts to a large amount, and only wait-
ing for an opportunity to return, when in an
evil hour I entered one of those sinks of infamy
and ruin that abound here in such num-
bers, and induced by the display of wealth—
the hopes of retrieving my broken fortune,
and tempted I believe by the devil, I wasted
my money; and partial successes at first, lured
me still further on, until I lost my all. I left
the house in a state of mind that was but little
short of distraction, and the torments of the
damned could not exceed my agonies. I bor-
rowed next morning from my friends, on vari-
ous pretences, all the money I could raise, and
in the desperate hope of regaining my losses
of the preceding night, I madly returned
again to the gaming table and you know the
result. Unable any longer to bear the suffer-
ings of a guilty conscience, I determined to
fly myself at once of them and existence, and
fly to that bourne from whence no traveller
returns, when your interference prevented
me—but why should I wish to live—dishon-
ored and infamous, I shall only drag out a use-
less and painful existence, unable to look on the past
without horror, or the future without despair.
—How can I dare to face my creditors, my
friends and family, after what has passed—
how!—For shame, cried I, interrupting him—

those sentiments are unworthy of you. How
can you dare to face your God—how can you
dare to leave your helpless family unprotected
for and unprotected, and your creditors and
friends unrequited for the kindness they have
shown you? Do you discharge your obliga-
tions to them by cowardly flying from life?
Arouse yourself—you are yet young; set ac-
tively and immediately about the work of re-
formation; your talents are of the first order,
and you should be employed in retrieving
your affairs.—But I have not even the means
of returning home," said he,—I told him I
would cheerfully supply him with any money
he might want for that purpose, and giving
him a hundred dollars, advised him to engage
his passage in the first ship; he promised to
do so, and shaking me by the hand we parted.

I neither saw, nor heard from Mr. L—
the next day. On the morning of the third,
as I was sitting at breakfast, a servant called
me out, and informed me that a gentleman at
the point of death earnestly desired to speak
to me; I was much surprised at the summons,
and unable to divine from whom it could be,
as I was a perfect stranger in the city, and
had been in it but a few days.—I followed the
servant to an Hotel, and entering the room
he pointed out, was shocked and astonished
at beholding in the person of the dying man
the same Mr. L— I had before encoun-
tered. As I approached the bed he stretched
out his hand to me, and in faint voice ex-
claimed, "It is all over now—the fatal die is cast—
but while the spark of life yet lingers, let me
relate the circumstance that had me here.—
With the money you so kindly gave me I madly
sought the gaming table—once more, and—lost
it—driven to desperation I seized the fatal
weapon—you were not there to interpose—
your kindness could not then save me—my
guilty passions had their full swing, and you
see the result: the faithful pistol performed
half its office, and has left me lingering in
the agonies of death—but it will soon be cal-
led— spare me your reproaches—time will
shortly be with me no more, and I already
suffer sufficiently.—Listen I beseech you to
the requests I am about to make—I believe
you design going to New York?" I told him I
did.—"Call (said he) on my Emily—you will
find her at No.—Pearl street—inform her
of my melancholy exit—tell her that the re-
collection of her kindness has soothed the
thorny pillow of her penitent and dying hus-
band—and that my last thoughts and prayers
were for her—give her this ring—it was her's
before our marriage—she presented it to me
in the days of our prosperity, when I was a
happy and a good man, unswerving and un-
swayed by many and dishonour—carry my
blessings to my little ones—and God grant
that they may forgive their wretched father."
His emotions prevented him from proceed-
ing and he gave vent to his feelings in a
flood of tears—he now lay silent for some
time; the approach of death was visibly rapid;
and I ventured to remind him that his earthly
career was fast drawing to a close, and that if
he had any other requests to make I would
conscientiously attend to them—I have no
more to say—see my aged mother, and tell
her that I am at last at home.—The words
—he seized my hand, and giving it a convul-
sive grasp—expired—the victim of gaming.

THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HYPOCRISY.

What a detestable principle, how unworthy
of the human character, and how devoid of
honor and sincerity, is hypocrisy. It is one of
the meanest and basest traits which any man
can be possessed of. Hypocrisy renders its
possessor contemptible and odious in the esti-
mation of every candid and honest person.—
A hypocrite may not be confided in; any pro-
fessions he may make will be doubted and
discredited, because hypocrisy is known to be
the prominent feature of his actions—because
it is known to characterize him in every thing
he does—because it is known to sway his every
movement, to actuate his every motive, and
because he is known to sacrifice every senti-
ment of truth and justice at its baser shrine.

A hypocrite will assume any character which
best accords with his interest, and beneath
which he can win with the greatest security
and safety. Sometimes, the better to cover
his crimes, he puts on the mask of religion
and shews all those outward and ostensible
signs of piety and devotion by which it would
appear that he was not a pretended and af-
fected, but a real and candid and practical
christian. Yet under the sacred and holy
mantle of religion, which he has assumed, will
be concealed principles and sentiments as ad-
verse to the true spirit of christianity as the
creed of the pagan. Beneath that heavenly
name will be secreted a heart at once false
and depraved, capable of the blackest and
most sacrilegious deeds. He sometimes even
enters the sanctuary of God with his unhal-
lowed feet and clothes himself with the minis-
terial garb. He ascends that chair from which
the gospel truths should be delivered by one
un tainted with hypocrisy, with a sanctimon-
ious and pious looking countenance—with a
reverential-like and apparently devout aspect,
bearing all the outward marks and characteris-
tics of a truly sincere and exemplary minister,
and with that decorum and respect, and defer-
ence as to impress upon the minds of his be-
holders that there stood before them a true
and faithful servant of the Lord. He will
there proclaim against and decry vice of every
sort and of every hue—he will advise his au-
ditors to shun its temptations, and as they would
place where serpents haunt—to guard them-
selves against its attacks with as much caution
and vigilance as they would against their
direst and most implacable enemy—to elude
its ensnaring and seducing enticements with
as much sedulousness as they would an adder's
nest—to beware of its winning appearances
as they would of a viper lurking beneath the
grass waiting for a favourable opportunity to
sting them with its poisonous tongue. He will
do all this, and yet be guilty himself of
vices of the darkest kind. He will declaim
drunkenness as a crime detestable in the sight
of God and man—as a rock upon which thou-

sands have been wrecked—as a precipice
down which thousands have hurried to their
destruction—as a cup in which thousands have
drowned their souls. To it he will ascribe
the wretchedness and ruin, and desolation of
many a family who were once respectable
and affluent, but who are now reduced to
poverty and disgrace. He will warn them
against it as a vice which debilitates the sys-
tem, drowns the reason, and absorbs the senses
of man—as a demoralizing and degrading
practice, which blunts the understanding of
man; unfits him for rational intercourse, dis-
qualifies him from attending to his business,
renders him an object of the contempt and
detestation of all moral and temperate men,
and sinks him below the level of humanity,
while he indulges himself secretly and slyly
in intemperance. He will depict licentious-
ness in black and horrid colours; he will re-
present it as a passion which has blasted the
reputation and cast a gloom over the pros-
pects of many, and which has deprived many
a family of their peace and happiness, whilst
he is himself a consummate libertine. He
will speak of charity as a heaven-obtaining
qualification; as one of the brightest and
purest gems which can deck or adorn the
character of a christian; as the surest basis
upon which the christian can raise his hopes
of salvation, and without which it is impos-
sible to please God whilst he is uncharitable
himself, and has a heart as cold and as callous
as adamant. He will recommend charity as a
holy and heaven-born sentiment, whilst his
own sentiments run as counter to her dictates
as vice does to virtue. He will point out vir-
tue in fine and lovely colours, and point out
her path as the surest one to heaven. But
the hypocrite who thus pictures virtue and
advises others not to desert her path, often
makes her blush, and pursues a different
route from that which he marked out for
others to follow. He will exhort man to ally
his bad passions whilst he gives his an unlim-
ited and unrestrained rein. He will advise
others to avoid sin, and yet himself indulge
in it to its fullest extent. Thus the hypocrite
acts when veiled under the cloak of religion;
thus he acts paradoxically, and with dissimu-
lation. The hypocrite will sometimes put on
the mask of friendship and assume all its out-
ward character. His external deportment
will denote that of a steadfast and unwavering
friend, but internally he is an inveterate en-
emy. Wishing to have his interest gratified
and benefitted, he affects friendship the bet-
ter to effect his purpose, and the more se-
curely to accomplish his end. The hypocrite
will fawn upon you in your presence—will
treat you with kindness, and will show you
every mark of attention as will make you
think that he is not an affected but a real and
sincere friend. He will in your presence
smile upon you, but there may be a dagger
concealed beneath that smile. For perhaps
whilst he is thus treating you in a kind and
friendly manner, he is like Brutus, planning
your destruction. Brutus seemed to be a
friend to Caesar, and Caesar thought he really
was so. But he found that when he thought
his friendship the warmest it was the coldest;
he discovered when too late, that a poisoned
dagger lurked beneath the mantle of his friendship.
A hypocrite in your presence will do every
thing to make his professions of esteem and
respect appear true and candid. But will in
your absence asperse your character, raise the
envied tongue of slander against you, and
will resort to every means to sink you in
the estimation of your friends.

DATAMES.

HEBREW TALE.

From the Writings of Ancient Hebrew Bards.

Terah the father of Abraham, says tradition,
was not only an idolater, but a manufacturer
of idols, which he used to expose for public
sale. Being obliged one day to go out on par-
ticular business, he desired Abraham to super-
intend for him. Abraham obeyed reluctantly.
—"What is the price of that god," asked
an old man who had just entered the place of
sale, pointing to an idol to which he took
fancy. "Old man," said Abraham, "may I be
permitted to ask your age?" "Three-score
years," replied the aged idolater. —
"Three-score years!" exclaimed Abraham,
"and thou wouldst worship a thing that has
been fashioned by the hands of my father's
slaves within the last four-and-twenty hours?
Strange! that a man of 60 should be willing
to bow down his gray head to a creature of a
day!" The man was overawed with shame,
and went away. After this there came a so-
litate and grave matron, carrying in her hand
a large dish with flour. "What," said she,
"have I brought an offering to the gods. Place
it before them, Abraham, and bid them be
propitious to me." "Place it before them thy-
self, foolish woman!" said Abraham; "thou
wilt soon see how greedily they will devour
it."—She did so. In the mean time Abraham
took a hammer, broke the idols in pieces;
all excepting the largest in whose hands he
placed the instrument of destruction. Terah
returned, and with the utmost surprise and
conternation beheld the lowly work amongst his
favourite gods.—"What is all this, Abraham?"
What profane wretch has dared to use our
gods in this manner?" exclaimed the infuri-
ated and indignant Terah. "Why should I con-
cern any thing from my father," replied the
pious son. "During thine absence, there
came a woman with yonder offering for the
gods. She placed it before them. The young-
est gods, who as may well be supposed, had
not tasted food for a long time, greedily
stretched forth their hands, and began to eat
before the old god had done with them per-
mission. Enraged at their boldness, he rose, took
the hammer, and punished them for their want
of respect. "Dost thou mock me?" Wilt thou
deceive thy aged father?" exclaimed Terah,
in a vehement rage. "Do I then not know
that they can neither eat, nor stir, nor move?"
And yet," rejoined Abraham, "thou payest
them divine honors—adornest them—and

wouldst have me worship them!" It was in
vain Abraham thus reasoned with his idola-
tous parent. Superstition is ever both deaf
and blind. His ungodly father delivered
him over to the cruel tribunal of the equally
idolatrious Nimrod. But a more merciful Fa-
ther—the gracious and blessed Father of us
all, protected him against the threatened dan-
ger, and Abraham became the father of the
faithful.

THE LADIES' FRIEND.

A WOMAN'S TONGUE.

There is not in the whole range of musical
combinations, a sweeter toned instrument than
the tongue of woman, when out of the aban-
don of a heart of gentleness, affection and
devotion to the quiet duties that constitute the
loveliness of the sex, it speaks the soothing
of tenderness to a wounded spirit, the self-
denial of fortitude to the dissipated, and
diffuses the gladness of a joyous and in-
nocent spirit around the charmed circle of its
sweet and delicate influences. But, reverse
the picture, and the cuttings of a sharp north-
easter with the accompaniment of a hail storm,
a shower of aqua fortis upon the most delicate
organ of sense, the symphony of a hundred
thousand spindled factories in full action, the
crashing of an exquisite nerve guitar at the
moment the appalling instrument slips from
its cruel hold, "grating harsh thunder,"—in
short any thing the imagination can conceive
in the way of torture and horrible discord, is
tender, touching, and pathetic compared to
the rush of a tempestuous tongue prepared
by the tempests and whirlwinds of passion!

Not that we mean to exonerate the man
from their full share of the blame; not we.
Some of them (as many as you please, ladies)
are as rough as a Greenland bear, as provok-
ing as the tooth-ache, as dogged as a mule,
unsexedly as swine, and as brutal as a Turk to
the gentle sex whom heaven ordained them
to shelter and protect; but then the wife,
though she be doomed to hear all this, till the
heart sickens to death in its wretched hope-
lessness, at least cannot be called upon on her
husband's account to answer to each and every
of the vituperations of malice and the
tattle of slander.

EVERY BODY'S COUSIN.

A wedding which took place not long since
at Paris, was followed by a grand feast, at one
of the most celebrated taverns of that metro-
polis. Among the numerous guests, was a
gentleman dressed in black, whose counte-
nance and manner displayed a kind of affect-
ed simplicity, which was not, however, obtru-
sive or disagreeable. At the instant of en-
tering the assembly, he gave his hand to a ve-
nerable grand-aunt of the bride, who was quite
charmed with a piece of politeness which was
rather unexpected. On entering the carriage
to repair to the feast, he again bestowed his
attentions to the old lady, and afterwards seat-
ed himself beside her at the banquet. At the
table, he appeared to be fully occupied. But
while he took due care of number one, he
found leisure to carve some of the principal
dishes. At the desert he sung some couplets,
which seemed to have been composed for the
occasion; he drew the cork from the first bot-
tle of Champagne; he it was who first drank
the first health to the new-married folks; he
fastened one of the bride-favours to his but-
ton hole in short, after having charmed the
whole party by his affability and politeness,
he took his leave when the card-tables were
introduced. "My love," said the bridegroom
to his young wife, "I am delighted in the ac-
quisition of a relative so amiable as the gen-
tleman who has just left us." "My dear,"
replied the lady, "it is an acquisition which I
value the more, as I am indebted for it to
you." "What! is not this polite gentleman
your cousin?" "On the contrary, I thought
he was yours," said she; "and it was on that
account I was impressed with the civilities and
attentions which he paid to me; adding in a
tone of regret, "but it seems he was nobody's
cousin, after all." I rather suppose, my
dear," returned the new-married man, "that
our polite friend is every body's cousin, and
when he learns that any of his relations are
about to give an entertainment, he takes care
to be one among the guests."

POLITENESS.

True politeness is common to delicate souls
of all nations, and it is not peculiar to any one
people. External civility is but the form es-
tablished in the different countries for expres-
sing that politeness of the soul. But internal
politeness is very different from that superfi-
cial civility. It is an evenness of soul, which
excludes at the same time both insensibility
and too much earnestness; it supposes a quick-
ness in discerning what may suit the different
characters of men; it is a sweet confiden-
tialness, which we adapt ourselves to each
man, so as not to fatigue his passions, but to
avoid provoking him. In a word, it is a for-
getting of ourselves, in order to seek what
may be agreeable to others; but in so delicate
a manner, as to let them scarce perceive that
we are so employed. It knows how to com-
municate with respect, and to please without
adulation, and is equally remote from an im-
pudic complaisance and a low familiarity.

OPIMUM.

Opium exercises a wonderful effect on the
human body, and every circumstance connected
with it deserves special notice. It is the
only medicine which most certainly controls
or subdues pain: it does more than this, it
imparts to the mind a delightful tranquility,
and, hence, it becomes doubly a favourite.—
The exhilarating effect of opium is very unlike
that of wine or spirits, for the head is unaf-
fected, the faculties bright and clear, the body
active and vigorous; and, although the per-
son seems to pass the night without sleep, yet
still he is pleasant and comfortable, arises
happy and refreshed, and remains so until the
period of his next dose; then, and not till
then, he feels that there is something wanting,
with sinking, and considerable languor. It is

